

me what man has done and is doing. I feel now that it is not prejudice, when I declare that England, with all her imperfections, is worth all the world together, and I hope it is not misanthropy when I feel that I love lakes and mountains better than courts and cities, and trees better than men. That is to say, men in general. Yours I must always be most affectionately. In a fortnight I shall have the inexpressible happiness of joining you.

B. DISRAELI.

To So/rah Disraeli.

LYONS,
Oct. 15,
1826.

DEAREST SA,

We arrived at this city last night. . . . Nothing can have been more prosperous than our whole journey. Not a single *contretemps* and my *compagnons de voyage* uniformly agreeable. Everything that I wished has been realized, and more than I wished granted. I have got all the kind of knowledge that I desired, and much more, but that much more, I am convinced, was equally necessary. To discover new wants and find them instantly gratified, or rather to discover unexpected necessities anticipated, is the most pleasing of all things. From Turin we travelled to Susa and crossed Mont Cenis, which, considering the mountain pass merely, is not to be compared to the Simplon. It is vast without being sublime, and dreary without any of the grand effects of desolation. Some points, however, are wonderful; a small lake at the top of the range in the midst of eternal snow, a small blue lake with banks of white marble, attracted my attentive admiration. It is about half a mile from the road, and I walked there while our trout were cooking. Cenis, however, leads to Savoy, which I prefer to Switzerland. The valley of the Arc is even finer than the valley of the Rhone; it is as sublime, and yet not gloomy. The lofty mountains are covered with firs, and tipped with the snows of centuries; brilliant cascades falling from elevations of 200 to 300 feet, contrasted with the variety of autumnal tints, and banished monotony without disturbing reflection.

I am glad that I at last get some account of my mother — my best love to her; we meet soon. My father says that he has been very idle, and I fear from his tone that I am to believe him. I have

been just the reverse, but I would throw
all my papers into the Channel only
to hear that he had